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A

Prosaic Translation

O F

*Aulus Persius Flaccus's**Six Satyrs.*

Translated by*Henry Eelbeck, Schoolmaster.*

*Rem ordine pando.**Nil mortalibus arduum est.**Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Rer angusta Domi.*

L O N D O N,

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T O T H E

Reverend and Learned

Dr. *Friend*, Dr. *Snape*,
Mr. *Askew*, Dr.
Walker, and Mr.
Parsell;

The Worthy Masters of those
flourishing Seminaries of
Westminster, *Eaton*, *St. Paul's*,
Charter-House, and *Mer-*
chant-Taylors Schools;

This Prosaic Paraphrase of
Persius's Six Satyrs,

Is with all Respect and
Deference Dedicated by
Their most humble Servant,

Henry Eelbeck.

TO THE

Respected and Learned

Dr. Francis D. Johnson

Mr. James M. Smith

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and

The worthy members of the
Board of Trustees of

the University of the

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in relation to the

present condition of

the State of New York

is with all respect and

deference submitted

their most humble

Henry E. Felt

THE
PREFACE.

To all the most Eminent
Patrons of Literature.

AVING had the kind
Approbation of these most
celebrated Gentlemen, to
whom this Specimen is
(with all Submission) inscrib'd;
I come now to give you some
small Account of the Reasons
which mov'd me to this Per-
formance; a Work, I humbly con-
ceive, will not only be useful to
our inferior Schools, but also to
the Universities themselves.

Seeing a great many Tracts abroad, Useless, Factionous, and Unprofitable; I thought it highly expedient for me, that had so often tasted the Munificence and Bounty of the Nobility, to whom I have frequently been recommended by several Gentlemen of the Clergy, to give some solid and useful Proof of my Qualifications, both as it respected them and me; And of my Sincerity to serve my Country, and Fellow-Students; and, if possible, to oblige my Benefactors too; Which have so seasonably feasted me with their Civilities, both from their Persons and Fortunes. So much for a grateful Acknowledgment; and my Capacity can do no more to retaliate their Favours.

I am very Conscious, what a crabbed Author I have had to deal with; how obscure he is, on
Pur-

The Preface. v

Purpose; and how intricate he is in his Phraseological Expressions; what Beauty and Artifice is in every Word: How tropical, and how figurative they are, yet none without their proper Lustre and Emphasis; which my Readers will easily discover from the Translation it self. A Translation so just, so accurate, and so judiciously perform'd, as I don't doubt of your suitable Encouragement for it: But I hope I shall have you own it to be one of the most useful Books (of its kind) in all your Libraries.

For both Murmelius and Buschius, with one Consent, openly confess and solemnly declare those Satyrs have hitherto been understood with very great Difficulty; nay, I should not speak against my self; but Lubin boldly says, that Persius, in every thing, is not fully

understood by the most Learned to this very Day.

Our Poet most bitterly inveighs against Vice, but with Praise deifies Virtue. In his Book you will find his Phrase nervous and strong, and wonderful learning couch'd up in a smooth and polite Style, with a most pleasant Variety of Matter and Things. To conclude, all Things not every where to be met with; yet are they all most worthy of our Observation and Knowledge. I own it is but small in Bulk, but so are precious Gems; whence Martial values it at a high Price.

*Sæpius in Libro memoratur Persius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide.*

I am, Sirs,
Your most obedient
humble Servant,

Henry Eelbeck.

T H E
L I F E
O F

Aulus Persius Flaccus,



HO was born the fourth
of December, at *Volaterra*, a City of *Etruria*,
as *Eusebius* attests, and
as he himself intimates in his
own last Satyr, when he saith,

—*Mibi nunc Ligus Ora*

Intepet, Hibernatque meum ma-
re, quàm Latius ingens

Dant

*Dant Scopuli, & multâ Littus
se valle receptat,*

*Lunai Portum est Opera cog-
noscere cives.*

This *Luna*, is a Town and Port of *Etruria*, as *Strabo* and *Pliny* think, and which *Persius* apparently shews, in that Expression of his, *Hybernâque meum mare*.

The Town of *Volaterra* is built after this Manner: In a large Plain, there appears a sublime and steep Hill on every Hand; on the Top thereof a Plain; wherein the Walls of the City is founded fifteen Furlongs high, from the Bottom of which the Rock is hard to pass, and difficult.

At *Volaterra*, once recruiting the Companies with four Soldiers, which had been out-law'd by

Aulus Persius Flaccus. ix

by Scylla, they laid Siege to it; which continu'd for two Years. At last departing by Stratagem, they abandon'd that Town, wherein Persius was born, in the twenty first of the Reign of Tiberius; and the third Year after the Passion of our Saviour Christ: Dy'd in the thirtieth Year of his Age, being the Ninth of Nero's Reign: The very same Year that Nero founded the Baths. Past his Childhood he went to Rome, for the sake of Philological Learning, there putting himself to Cornelius, at sixteen Years of Age, as he implies in his fifth Satyr, where he saith,

*Cum primum pavidus Custos mihi
purpura cessit,
Bullaq; Succinctis laribus donata
pependit;*

Me

*Me tibi supposui, teneros tu
suscipis annos*

Socratico, Cornute, Sinu. —

Persius respected his Master with singular Affection, and most profound Obedience; He used the Friendship, especially of *Minutius Macrinus Brixianus*, a Roman Knight, and a Princely Man, of singular Modesty and Reputation: And of *Cassius Bassus*, the Lyric Poet, who dy'd a Youth in *Persius's* Time. Grown up, he writ six Satyrs with admirable Sharpness of Wit; wherein the nervous Strength of a peculiar Genius is fully display'd; and wherein *Quintilian* the Orator affirms, that he won great Glory and Reputation to himself. He was perfectly acquainted with *Annaeus Lucanus*, who ad-
mit'd

Aulus Persius Flaccus. xi

mir'd his Writings; and had a most familiar Acquaintance with them two most learned and accurate Philosophers of his Age, *Claudius Agaturnus* the *Lacedemonian* Physician, and *Petronius Aristocrates* the *Magnesian*.

It may be farther observ'd, that he was left an Orphan by his Father, who was a *Roman* Knight; and until twelve Years of Age, went to School at *Volaterra*; from thence to *Rome*, where he was under the Tuition of *Rhemnius Palemon*, the Grammarian, and *Virginus Flavius*, the Rhetorician; and where, as I said before, he committed himself to the Instruction of his Master *Cornutus*, Professor then of the *Stoic-Philosophy* at *Rome*: In which Science he did excel all his Fellow-Stu-

xii *The Life of, &c.*

Students, and was fam'd all about for his polite Morals, and ingenuous Literature. He died of a Pain at his Stomach, at his Country-Seat, about eight Miles from Rome, on the twenty fourth of November, in the Consulship of Publius Marcus Celsus, and of Lucius Aemilius Gallus.

*Summa sex, Satyrarum Persii.
Vates: Vota; Puer: Prætor:
Nero: Liber: Avarus.*



THE
VERBAL TRANSLATION

OF

Persius's Six Satyrs.

The Argument of *Persius's*
Prologue.

*Some Poets write Heroic, Comical
Lyric, and other Poems of the like
sort, by the Opinion of Inspiration,
becoming Poets, by the Desire of
Vain-Glory, the Want of Mainte-
nance, for the Hope of Gain; But
I write Satyrs, being not so naturally
inclin'd to Poetry, as forc'd to it
by the corrupt Manners of Men in
this present Age.*

B

There

¶ There are Two Parts of this *Prologue*; in the former he denies himself to be a Poet; owning that he could not aspire to so great Glory: And therefore in Justice he leaves all the Rewards of Poësie to whom they are most justly due.

The Prologue.



Have not dipt my Lips
in the Fountain *Hippo-*
crene, nor do I remem-
ber that I've slept in the
double * topt *Parnassus*, that by
that means I might be dub'd Poet
on a sudden. For which Reason
I give up the Muses, and the Study
of Poetry, which makes Men pale,
to those whose Statues are crown'd
with Ivy. I my self, in all Humi-
lity, almost a Clown, do bring my
Verses to the Temple of the Muses.
Who

* *Parnassus* is a Mountain that hath Two
Tops, viz. *Cithorea* and *Hyampens*, hence
tis called *Biceps*.

* Who has taught his Parrot to say this Salutation, viz. *Xaïpe* ; and the Crows their hoarse Salutation ? Who hath taught the Magpies to imitate our Language ? *Persius* answers his own Question. Hunger is the Cause of Arts, and Giver of Wit, making Men apt to imitate Language, which is against their Nature ; But if the Hope of Gain shall appear, which makes Men deceitful, you may believe the Crows being Poets, and Magpies Poetesses, can compose excellent Verses. †

The Curious Man! What
Vainly there is in human
Thought will reach those
Satires?

B 2

The

* Consider that *Persius* does not here speak of himself, who was a rich Roman Knight ; but under his own Person exasperates insipid Poets and Parasites, who, to fill their Belly, did flatter their rich Patrons in some effeminate Poem.

† Such as Poets sing, who boast themselves to have tasted the Fountain *Hippocrene*.

4 Translation of Persius,

The Argument of the First Satyr.

Wherein he reproves the vain Pride of Noble Men, but especially of Nero himself, in Writing of Poems; in which, as Pleading of Law-Suits in the Forum, they used old Words, Flourishes, and Rhymes for Pleasure, and Shew of Boasting, that Truth and Honesty being neglected, and having reprov'd the Effeminacy both of Hearers and Repeaters, he declareth what a Repeater he was.

P. **O** The Cares of Men! What Vanity there is in human Affairs! M. Who will read those Satyrs?

¶ In this Satyr we have a Colloquy of the *Monitor* and *Persius* represented to us by the Letters *M.* and *P.* The *Monitor* endeavours to discourage *Persius* from the Writing of Satyrs; but our Poet scorning the Opinion of the Vulgar, will, for the Sake of Noble-Men, but especially of *Nero* himself, write Satyrs, notwithstanding all the Vengeance that might befall him either from *Nero* the Emperor, or any Nobleman at *Rome*.

S A T Y R I. 5

Satyr? P. Do you speak to me?

M. None, by *Hercules*. P. Will none? M. Few or none will read them; 'tis a base and pitiful thing.

P. Why should I be afraid, least the effeminate *Polydamas*, or the *Romans*, like *Trojan Women*, shall prefer the insipid Poet *Labeo* before me. These are Trifles. Do not join yourself with the unjust *Romans*; if the foolish *Romans* commend or vilifie any thing, you ought not immediately to be of their Opinion; nor ought you to examin or correct the vicious Judgment of the Commonalty in that Scale, wherein the common People balance things; but rather correct and amend it in thy own upright and perfect Judgment; nor judge of thy own Ability by others; for, Who is not of a corrupt Judgment at *Rome*? Alas! if it were lawful for me to speak; but it is lawful then, when I see the Vices of old Men, and those who should live gravely; whatsoever Things we do, our childish Trifles being off;

B 3 when

6 Translation of Persius,

when we counterfeit to be grave
Monitors ; then, I say, then par-
don me ; I would not write ; What
should I do ? But I'm naturally
given to Scoffing †.

We being shut up in our Studies
do write * ; one writes Verses, 15
another makes some bombast
Meeter in Prose, with his Lungs
being full of Wind, speaks with
much Panting ; Forsooth the look-
ing lasciviously with your Eyes,
having your Head comb'd, and clad
in White with a new Gown, and
at length with a Ring given on
your Birth-Day, will read those
things to the People on a high Seat,
when you shall have wash'd your
Throat with moistening Syrup.
Here you may see the noble Romans
use wanton Gestures ; not after a
chast Manner, nor with modest 20

Ex-

† The Fool often honours the Unworthy ;
and the Fond serves Fame.

* *Persius*, the more freely to reprove both
other Poets and Orators, in the first Person,
he speaks even as of himself,

Expressions, when the Verses stir
up their Lusts, and when their
Reins are soon tickled with lascivious Rhyme *.

Do you, old Dotard, pick up
pieces of Verses for other Men to
hear? I say to Men, to whom you
being shameless may say, You have
prais'd me enough; What signifies
it to have been learn'd, unless this
Learning and Knowledge, which is
once rooted in my Heart, do ap-
pear outward to Men †? Behold
your pale Old Age! O your cor-
rupt Manners! Is your Knowledge
of little Value, except another
knows that you have that Know-
ledge? But you'll say, that 'tis a
brave thing to be pointed at with
one's Finger; and to be said, That's
He. Do you value that your Book
should

* *Perfius* is inveighing against a fusty old
Poet, who, in his decrepid old Age, sought
Glory and Renown by the Repetition of his
wanton Verse.

† *Perfius* jeers the Poetaster, excusing him-
self.

8 Translation of Persius,

should be the Lesson of an hundred Noble-Mens Sons? Behold the effeminate *Romans* *, whilst reveling in their Cups, enquire what divine Poems do say. Here some one having a violet-colour'd Cloak about his Shoulders, spoke some unelegant Verses out of his snuffling Nose, and may strain out Verses about the Love of *Phyllis*, and *Hypsiphyle*; and if there be any thing 35 lamentable in the Poets, may utter Words effeminately; all the Company applauding him. Now is not the Reliques of the Poet happy? Now does not a lighter † Grave-Stone lie over his Bones? His Guests commend him now. Shall not Violets spring out of his Tomb? Now, shall not Violets spring out 40 of his Grave? and out of his happy Ashes?

* The *Romans* were called *Romulide*, from *Romulus*, who built *Rome*.

† The superstitious Heathens did imagine an heavy Stone burthensome: Hence *Ovid*,
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

Ashes? He *saith, You laugh, and
 take too much liberty to Scoffing;
 What, shall there be any one, who
 may refuse to be willing to have
 deserved the Acclamations of the
 Commonalty; and having spoken
 Things worthy of Immortality, will
 there be any that will refuse to leave
 such Verses to Posterity, which de-
 serve Immortality; not fearing to
 be made foul Paper on, to lap up
 Fish in, or Frankinsence. O you,
 whosoever you are, whom I have
 made to speak against my self just
 now; I will not fear to be com-
 mended when I make Verses, if I
 make any thing elegantly; for I
 have not a Heart uncapable of
 Commendation and Praise: But I
 deny the Commendations which
 you seek after, to be the End and
 Perfection of Well doing. For ex-
 amine all those Acclamations, what
 does not this Flattery contain with-
 in

* The foolish ridiculous old Poet, whom
Perfius jeers for the Repetition of his Rhymes.

10 *Translation of Persius,*

in it? In this my Book are not the
 Verses of the Destruction of Troy,⁵¹
 which are worthy to be purg'd
 with Hellebore; in my Writings,
 are not soft and effeminate Verses,
 such as our raw Noble-Men have
 made. Lastly, there is not any,
 whatsoever is written in Tables
 made of Citron-Wood. You know
 to set before your Flatterers a fat
 Swine's Belly, and to give to your
 Companion a thread-bare Cloak.
 And you say, I love the Truth:
 Speak you the Truth about my
 Verses. How is it possible? Are
 you desirous that I should speak the
 Truth about your own Verses?
 You trifle, O you Bald-pate! see-⁵⁵
 ing your fat Belly, like a Swine's
 Trough, stands out a full Foot and
 an half. O happy *Janus*! whom not
 any one jeers behind your Back, by
 knapping his Finger, as a Stork
 doth her Bill; whom no Body jeers
 behind your Back, by Wagging
 his Finger on the Temples of his
 Head, like an Ass's Ears; nor does
 jeer you behind your Back, by hold-
 ing

ing out his Tongue, as far as a
 60 Bitch of *Apulia* does when she laps
 Water *. O ye Noble-Men! who
 may live without having of Eyes
 on the hind-part of your Heads, to
 prevent Back-bitings. What does
 the People say? What can they
 say, but that your Verses now at
 length run very smoothly, so that
 the greatest Critick can find no
 Fault in them †. He knows how
 to make a Verse very dexterously,
 whether there be need to write
 against ill Customs, against Luxury,
 66 and against the cruel Banquets of
 Kings, the Muses give to our Poets
 to write noble Things ||. Behold
 we see some to write the Acts of
 Heroes,

* *Persius*, by an Apostrophe, turns his Discourse to the *Roman* Princes and Nob'e-Men.

† These are the Words and Expressions of the People touching you, saith the Flatterer.

|| *Persius* mov'd with Indignation against those Poetasters, who doat upon the Desire of Praise, blinded with Flattery, attempt great Things beyond the Strength of their own Genius's, when they are intirely ignorant of the very Rudiments of Poetic;

12 *Translation of Persius,*

Heroes, who were wont to write
trifling Verses in *Greek*. Not having
Skill to describe a Grove, nor to
commend the plentiful Country,
where there are Baskets, and Fires
and Sacrifices smoaking, with Bun- 70
dles of Hay. From which Coun-
trei *Rhemus* sprung, and thou, O
Quintus, Plowing, when your Wife
trembled, being cloath'd with the
Robe before the Oxen, and the
Serjeant carried your Plow home*.
O brave Poet! There is one now,
whom the Bombast of *Accius*,
who wrote a Tragedy of *Bacchus*,
delights; There are some, whom
the bombast Tragedy of *Antiopa*
delights, being overwhelmed with
Miseries. When you see old doat-
ing Fathers to admonish their Chil-
dren so, Do you ask from whence
this

* An Ironical Commendation of this Poe-
taster, who blushes not to attempt great
Things, when he knows not his *Profodia*.

Persius finds another Vice in the Poets,
who having despis'd Modern Poets, only
affect the Ancient,

this confus'd Mixture of old Words
came with new ones to this Tongue?

80 From whence comes that Dis-
grace, in which your delicate *Roman* Knights are so much delight-
ed with, in the Feasts of the
Theatre? * Does it not ashamè you,
that you cannot drive away the
Danger from your gray Head, but
you may wish to hear this mean
Praise comely done? A certain
Man saith to *Pedius*, What saith
Pedius? He poises his Accusations
in polite Rhetorical Figures; He
is commended to have set learned
Figures.

87 † This is Elegant. Is this Ele-
gant? O *Roman* ||, Dost thou
flat-

* *Persius* reproves Orators and Rhetori-
cians, who, when they are decrepid and spent
with old Age, by which they ought to be
wiser; yet do they so affect popular Applause,
that in Causes wherein their Lives and For-
tunes are at Stake, they overlook the strong-
est Arguments, and betake themselves to
Paint, and Rhetorical Flourishes.

† *Pedius* is thus commended by his own
Auditors.

|| *Romulus*, for any *Roman*, by *Synec Species*.

14 Translation of Persius,

flatter? Should he bring me to pity him any Thing, if ever the ship-wreck'd Man sing, that I may give him a Farthing. You sing when you carry your Misfortune on a broken Plank upon your Shoulder. He shall really lament, who hath a Mind I should pity him in the Night by his Complaints. * But there is a Grace, and a smooth Connexion to the Verses, ⁹¹ made *Extempore*, he hath learn'd to end a Verse so, *Berecynthius Atlys* of *Berecynthia*. And the Dolphin which swam over the Sea; ⁹⁵ so we took away part of the Mountain *Apenninus*. † Is not this Poem that begins with *Arma Virum* bombast and undigested? as
an

* Objection. Be it as you say *Persius*, that this Ornament of bombast Words does not appertain to accurate Performances.

† Some Patron of bombast Verse rises up, and asks *Persius*; Is that of *Virgil's*, *sc. Arma virum*, to be slighted? As if he should say: If there be no Fault to be imputed to that of *Virgil's*, then truly that above is not to be found Fault with.

an old Bough of a great Cork-tree
dry'd in the Sun?

† What therefore is modest and
to be read modestly? The Priest-
esses of *Bacchus* filled the terrible
Trumpets with Sounds, and *Agave*
the Priestess of *Bacchus*, being about
to cut off the Head of her Son *Pen-
theus*, which they snatched hold of,
and another Priestess of *Bacchus*
being about to guide the spotted
Beast with a Bough of Ivy, do of-
ten shout *Evius*, the Eccho which
repeats the last Syllables of Words
sounds.

* Would these things be, if the
least of our Ancestours Virtues
were in us? This Vein is pro-
nounced very Effeminately, and

C 2 the

† Those four Verses savour of nothing else
but affected Words, fabulous Antiquity, and
the vain Ostentation of it: Therefore *Persius*
meritoriously reproves them.

* *Persius* continues his Satyr, whose In-
dignation breaks out more and more. be-
cause they would make such base and affected
Verse; shewing its Source to spring from the
too great Carelessness of the Poets. For if
in.

16 *Translation of Persius,*
the Verses about the Priestesses
of *Bacchus* and *Attys* are always
on their Tongues End. Neither
does he thump his Desk, nor
bite his Nails. *M.* * But what
need you reprove Men, who will
not endure to hear the Truth,
which vexes them? Have a care
lest by chance you be cast out of
great Men's Doors. † Great Men 110
are easily vexed. Indeed let all
things be altogether good for me.
I do not delay, O brave! All I say,
all things of the *Romans* shall be
wonderfully well done; This De- 119
lights, there you say I forbid least
any one find fault with this Book
of mine. Set some Mark on it,
O Critick! This is a holy Book,
re-

in Writing they would take the more Care;
then certainly they would scratch their Heads,
bite their Nails, and beat their Desks, which
indeed are the Gestures of an angry, thinking
Man, solicitous of Change when Things and
Words will not meet.

* The Monitor's Objection.

† *Persius* replies, if the Case be thus, that
the basest Vices of the *Romans* cannot be re-
proved without Hazard.

reprove some other, I say nothing.

* *Lucilius* sharply reprov'd the corrupt Manners of the *Romans*.

O *Lupus*! he reprov'd you! and you O *Mutius* too; and reprehend-

FI 5 ed them very sharply too; witty *Horace* reprov'd every Fault in

his Friend, who is pleas'd at it.

And being kindly received, he finds

110 Fault with his intimate Faults,

as if he was in jest; being cunning

to reprehend the People without

Passion.

† Is it lawful that I should mut-

119 ter neither privately nor in my

Book? M. O my Book, I my self

C 3

saw:

† Since *Lucilius* and *Horace*, Satyrogra-
phers, by their keen and biting Satyrs, with-
out Punishment, have reprov'd the greatest
Citizens, (saith *Persius*) why may not I ligh-
ly correct the deprav'd Manners of the pre-
sent Age?

† Since *Lucilius* and *Horace* openly and par-
ticularly have inveigh'd with so great Liberty
against the Noble *Romans*, and that too with-
out Punishment.

18 Translation of Persius,

saw it. (I say) I saw it. Who is not of a corrupt Judgment? It's not at all lawful. P. But I will write it in my Book, I sell those my Secrets, those my scoffing Verses, so little esteem'd, for none of the Iliads which *Accius* wrote; * Thou whosoever hast read bold *Gratinus*, dost grow Pale with studying angry *Eupolis*, with old *Aristophanes*, behold even those Verses of mine, if perhaps you hear any thing elegantly done; let the Reader attentively consider these my Verses with an Ear season'd with those Authors.

126

† Let him not read my Book, who being a base Man, rejoices to scoff at the *Grecian* Philosophers for their Slippers; and who can say

* Now *Persius* declares whom he would have the Readers of his own Satyrs, viz. not Flatterers, nor any of the unskilful Mob, but learned Men, who have carefully read over the ancient Satyrists.

† *Persius*, as above, shows whom he requires to be his Readers; so now he goes on to mention whom he would reject and refuse.

SATYR I. 19

say to a Blear-Ey'd-Man; *O Blear-Ey'd-Man!* thinking himself some great Man; that being a Clark of the Market, proud with *Italian Honour*, hath broken the unjust Measures of the Town *Aretium*. * Nor him who thinketh himself to have Wit, knows how to derive the Figures of Arithmetick drawn on a Board, or the Lines of Geometry drawn in the Dust, being ready to laugh heartily. If the impudent Whore *Nonaria* pull a *Cynick* Philosopher by the Beard. I give to these in the Morning the hearing of Law-suits, after Dinner the Whore *Callirhoe*.

The

* Nor let him come to read my Satyrs.



20 Translation of Persius,

The Argument of the Second Satyr.

Wherein he wisheth his Friend Macrinus much Happiness of his Learning, which alone teacheth Men to pray aright; He finds Fault with the wicked, foolish, and unprofitable Prayers of others: and then reproveth them who pray for one thing in their Wishes, which they seem to contradict by their Actions. Lastly, He ridicules them, who by their own Covetousness measuring the Gods, worshippeth them with rich Gifts and Sacrifices; when the Gods do not really look at their Gifts, but their Minds; not Handsfuls of Sacrifice, but free from Vice.

O Macrinus, reckon this Day among lucky Days; which being Lucky, is your Birth Day; to live long, sacrifice Wine to your Genius. You do not ask in your Prayers, at the Repetition of which you perform costly Sacrifices,

crifices, the Things which you dare
 5 not speak to the very Gods, but in
 Secret. But a good part of our
 Noble-Men will sacrifice in pri-
 vate. It is not an easy Thing for
 any one to take away both mutter-
 ing and Love whispering from the
 Temple, and to live by open
 Wishes; he prays for those things
 openly, and that Strangers may
 hear, *viz.* That he may have a good
Conscience, and a good *Name* for
 it. He mutters those things with-
 in himself, and under the Rose †
 O! I wish that my rich Uncle may
 die! O! I wish that I may find a
 Pipe full of Gold, when I till my
 Ground with good *Luck*; or, I
 wish that I may get out of the
 Way the fatherless Child, whom
 I am the next Heir to; for he
 is Sickly and Melancholy. *Nerius*
 hath

† *Perſius* enumerates the impious Vows of
 the *Romans*, which they did mutter over to
 themselves in Secret; but chiefly reprehends
 them for their Covetousness, and their cursed
 Desire of Gold.

22 *Translation of Persius,*

hath now gotten three Wives. *
That you may pray for those
things devoutly, you wash your
self twice or thrice in the River
Tyber, and cleanse your self from
the Pollutions of the Night. You
covetous Wretch! Come and an-
swer me; 'tis a very little thing
which I desire to know. What Opi-
nion have you of *Jupiter*? Is there
any Reason that you should prefer
him before any other? Before
whom? † Before *Statius*? What
forsooth do you doubt? Who is a
better Judge, or a fitter Guardi-
an for fatherless Children? Come
on then, and speak this thing to
* *Statius*, by which you would
have

* Altho' thy Vows and Wishes be base,
obscene, and villinous, yet

† The Argument is drawn from the Minor
to the Major thus: Those cursed Wishes dis-
please the wicked, unjust *Statius*; therefore
much more do they offend the most pious and
righteous *Jupiter*.

* *Statius* is here put for any impious and
wicked Man, by a *Synec. Speciei*,

have *Jupiter* to hear; he would shout, O strange! O wonderful strange! Do you think that he has pardoned you, because, when he thunders, the Oak is sooner struck than you, or the Family? What! because you do not lie Thunder-struck in the Groves, a sad Spectacle to be look'd at and avoided by Sacrifices, and by *Ergennae* commanding it, then does *Jupiter* foolishly suffer you to deride him? What with Lights, or fat Entrails of Beasts? * Or else what is't? With what Reward dost thou purchase the corrupted
 30 Gods? Dost thou purchase this
 by

* *Persius* ridicules those, which think the Gods to be brib'd by Rewards and Sacrifices. For the Gods do not require Gold in Sacrifices, but the Mind of the Sacrificer.

*Non hunc mactato caelestia Numine gaudet,
 Sed quae praestanda est, & sine teste, Fide.*

Ovid.

*Hac Religio caelestis est, non quae constet
 ex rebus corr. p'is, sed virtutibus animi, qui
 oritur à Caelo.* Lactantius.

24 *Translation of Persius,*
by the fat Entrails of Beasts and
lordly Sacrifices? †

Behold the Grandmother or Aunt
* being Superstitious, hath taken
the Child out of the Cradle, and
cleanses its Forehead and slaver-
ing Lips with her middle Finger
and Spittle, which have been used
for Expiation before, knowing to
prevent Witchcraft; then she dan-
dles him in her Hand, and she ³⁵
humbly wishes that he may have
as many Fields as || *Licinus* had,
and

† Hitherto of the impious and unjust
Wishes of the Roman Nobility: But now
by bitter Satyr *Persius* inveighs against the
vain and superstitious Prayers of the Women,
who, for their own Children, begotten of
their own Bodies, pray neither for good Mo-
rals, nor the Knowledge of Philosophy; but
for immoderate Wealth, large Possessions,
Estates, Beauty of external Parts, the Love
and Favour of Princes, with other such like
impious and ridiculous Wishes.

* *Matertera* is the Mother's Sister, *quasi*
Mater altera, an Aunt by the Mother's side.

|| This *Licinus* was *Cæsar Augustus's* Bar-
ber, become very rich and wealthy by the
Favour of the Emperor, but especially in Lands.

and as many Houses as * *Crassus* had, † though her Hopes be but small, let the King and Queen wish him for their Son-in-Law. Let Girls desire to have him, whatsoever he shall tread upon, let it be a Rose. || *P.* I do not suffer a Nurse to pray so. O *Jupiter* ! deny these things to her, though she ask them very devoutly.

* You pray for Strength for the Nerves, and a Body that will hold out old Age, let it be, so come on : But your great Dishes, and fat Sau-
D ciges,

* *Crassus* was the first of all the *Romans* that was surnamed *Dives*.

† There is another Wish of the old Woman sufficiently absurd, much more foolish and indiscreet than the former.

|| Seeing such Wishes for Infants are vain and pernicious, I (saith *Persius*)

* Hitherto *Persius* hath found Fault with them, who altogether make ridiculous and offensive Vows. But now he ridicules those which desire good Things of the Gods, *viz.* Strength, good Health, and long Life ; yet deprive themselves of all those Things through Gluttony, Surfeits, Incontinency, and their own contrary Actions.

26 *Translation of Persius,*

ciges, do hinder the Gods to grant these things, and do stay *Jupiter*.

* You wish to encrease your Estate by killing of Oxen, and do call upon *Mercury* with a Sacrifice, Grant that my Family may prosper; grant me Cattle, and encrease to my Flocks. † O you Fool! How can these things be, when you sacrifice so many Heifers? And for all this, he intends to prevail with the Gods, with the Entrails of Beasts and fat Pudding.

‖ Now the Crop of my Field increases, now my Sheep increase, now it shall be granted, just now; until his Money be cheated of more Company, and without Hope, sighs

* *Persius* rebukes those, who desiring to be enrich'd by the Gods, yet exhaust all their Wealth and Substance in Sacrificing.

† He reproves the Man for his Folly, that every Day is a Sacrificing his Cattle.

‖ These are the Words of *Persius*, by way of Scorn, speaking to that Person a Sacrificing, or (which I rather approve of) of the covetous Prayer himself, comforting himself with vain Hopes.

sighs in the bottom of his Chest.
 † If I should give you Cups engraven with Silver, and solid Gold, you would sweat for Joy, and wipe off drops of Sweat from your left Breast, your Heart leaping for Joy is glad. Hence that came into your Mind, that you daub over the Faces of the Gods with Gold, which you have got in Triumph. For amongst the filthy Sons of *Egyptus*, whose Statues are in Brass, let those who give their Trust to Dreams be Chief, and let them have a golden Beard.
 * That Gold hath driven away the earthen Vessels used in *Numa's* Time, and brazen Vessels used in

D 2

Saturn's

† *Persius* inveighs against those, who think the Gods to be purchased with Bribery, and like to Men, as if they were delighted with Gold, Silver, and such like. When rather, as *Lactantius* saith, *Deus non pecudum sanguine, sed hominis pietate placatur.* And as our own Poet, *Habitare animos, & pectora gaudet.*

* From this superstitious Opinion, (saith *Persius*) that the Gods, like Men, are delighted with Gold, it came to pass.

28 *Translation of Persius,*

Saturn's Time, and changes the Pitchers of the vestal Nuns, and the earthen Vessels used in *Etruria*.⁶⁰

* O ye Minds of Men grovelling on the Earth; and void of her heavenly things! What does this delight us, to ascribe any of our † corrupt Customs to the Gods? And to judge the things which are grateful to the Gods by our own corrupt Nature. This corrupt Nature hath made Paint for it self, and dy'd Cloth made of *Calabrian Wool* in Purple Co-⁶⁵lour;

* Here followeth a severe Exclamation against those, who, like irrational Brutes, intent upon Earthly Things, overlook the Heavenly; and who measuring of God by their own corrupt Dispositions and depraved Morals, think that they'll become acceptable to him by Bribes and external Sacrifices: When the best Mind is productive of the sincere Worship of God. This is the true Worship of God, wherein the Mind of the Worshipper presents it self an undefiled Sacrifice to him.

† *Persius* enumerates the various Effects of our depraved Dispositions and corrupted Nature; by which the Men are very much delighted; but the Gods nothing at all,

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70
65
your ; this Corruption of Nature hath commanded him to gather together Pearls found in Shell-Fishes, and to melt Gold over, even this makes us sin, I say sin; yet he continues in his Fault; But to you Priests, what good does Gold in Sacrifices? † To wit, it does so much Good, as when Virgins offer little Puppets to *Venus*.
* But let us offer that to the Gods, which the vicious Offspring of great *Messala* cannot offer out of his great Platter: i. e. exact Justice, and that which is right in one's Mind, and a pure Conscience, and a Heart fully endow'd with noble Honesty. Grant me those Things, that I may bring you to the Temple, and I will please the Gods with a mean Sacrifice. The

† *Persius* answers to his own Question, viz. Gold in Temples offered to the Gods do so much Good as imaginary Puppets do, consecrated to *Venus* by Virgins upon their Marriage. Truly both alike ridiculous!

* Seeing the Gods do not at all regard Gold, Silver, Pearls, sumptuous Sacrifices, and other like Superstitions.

30 Translation of Persius,

The Argament of the Third Satyr.

Wherein he desires the young Men,
under the Person of a Stoic Philo-
sopher, that they should not over-
look their Studies of Philosophy,
indulge Sloth and Effeminacy;
neither rely upon their Patrimony
and noble Birth-Days, which teach-
eth all Vice, and then teacheth
Virtue and all honourable Employ-
ments, which do bestow a good
Conscience and Happiness of Life.

¶ By way of Dialogue, *Persius* intro-
duces either a Pædagogue, or some of his
School-fellows, who as it were spurs up a
very rich Youth, buried in Sloth, and per-
suades him better things.

It is a long Hyperbaton, therefore, the
Order of Construction ought to begin at
the seventh Verse.

TO wit, Do we do those things
daily? Now the fair Day is
come into the Windows, and makes
the Chinks look bigger than they
are by its Light. We sleep as
long

SATYR III. 31

long as we may digest strong *Fal-*
terian Wine, while it be eleven
of the Clock; behold what do you
do? The Heat of the Sun, when it
is in the Dog-Star, long since hath
ripened the parched Corn, and all
5 the Cattle stand under the Shade.
One of the Companions saith, is that
true? 'Tis it so? Let some Servant
come hither quickly. Does no bo-
dy come? I am angry; I am burst
with calling, as you may believe
an Ass of *Arcadia* to bray. † Now
he takes his Book into his Hand,
and the Parchment of two Colours,
the Hairs being scrap'd off, and
his Paper, and his Pen. Then
he complains that the Ink does not
stand, Water being put into it.
Again he complains that the thick
Ink sticks in his Pen, and that the
10 thick Ink, Water being put into
it,

* At length the drowsie Person awaked
out of his Sleep, by the Calling of his Master
or School-fellow, answers and says.

† Idle Excuses, which to an industrious
and diligent Youth would be none at all.

32 Translation of Persius,

it, does not stand; again he complains that his Pen writes two Letters at once. * O miserable ¹⁵ Man! and every Day more Miserable than he was. † Are we come to this pass? But why do you not rather, like a tender Dove, and the Children of Kings require to eat Pap Meat chaw'd by the Nurse, and being angry, refuse the Lullaby of your Mammy? || What would you have me write with such a Pen? * Whom do you deceive? Why do you make these vain Circumstances? And being foolish, spend your time ²⁰ idly, you will be slighted as an earthen Vessel of raw Clay, not well baked, which struck upon dis-

* Those are the Words of the Pedagogue, or of his School-fellow, exclaiming against the foolish Excuses of this slothful Youth, which he did discern every Day to be worse and worse.

† The first Person plural for the second singular, as above, *Perimus* for *Peris*.

|| An interjected Interrogatory of the slothful Youth.

* *Verba dare est illudere.*

discovers its defect, and does not
found well. You are young, now,
I say, you must be instructed and
learned with sharp Discipline with-
out Intermision. * But you have
a pretty Crop in the Field, which
your Father left you; you have neat
household Stuff, what need you fear?
And you have a Platter, in which
you sacrifice to your *Lares*, which
makes you secure; is this suffici-
ent? What does it become you to
be proud? That you being the
thousandth derive your Pedigree
from the old *Etrurians*, or that
you being clad in a Consul's Robe
salute

* Because the Sluggard might say in Ex-
cuse of himself, that he was unwilling to
Study; for there was Wealth enough laid up
for him by his Ancestors, of which he might
live like a Gentleman; for which Reason he
with'd his Books and the Study of Literature
to poor Men.

Perfius, by an *Antipophora*, silently answers
his Objection, saying that it was not suffi-
cient, if the Mind within was vexed with
Vice. But especially of him, who puttoth
his Patrimony to an ill Use.

34 *Translation of Persius,*

salute some of your Family, which
 was *Censor*. Boast of these outward
 Appearances to the common Peo-³⁰
 ple, I know you within, and in
 your very Heart. Does it not
 ashamè you to live after the Man-
 ner of lascivious *Natta*? But he
 has lost his Senses in his Vice,
 and his Heart is waxed dull; He's
 not to be blamed; he knows not
 the Virtues which he loses, and³⁵
 being plunged in Sin, there is no
 Hope of Repentance. * *O Jupiter,*
 I wish that you would finish cru-
 el Tyrants this way; when cursed
 Lust, mingled with Cruelty, shall
 move their Inclinations, let them
 see Virtue, and pine away it be-
 ing lost. † What have the Men
 put

* *Persius* begs of God that he would not
 afflict evil Men with any other Punishment,
 than to let them see the Splendour of Vir-
 tue in others, and to reproach themselves for
 the Loss of it.

† Those Men which envy others Virtues,
 are vexed more with the Terrours of an evil
 Conscience, than those that are tormented in
 the brazen Bull of *Phalaris*.

40 put into the brazen Bull of *Phalaris* groaned more, or the Sword of *Dyonisius* hanging on golden Rafter affrighted *Damocles* more, than if he should say to himself, I go, I say, I go headlong into Ruin. And he is affrighted in his Heart; which his nearest Wife knows not of. * Oftentimes when I was a little one, I anointed, I remember, my Eyes with Oil, if I had not a Mind to learn the excellent Precepts
 45 of *Cato* going to die, which were much commended by my severe Master, which my Father Sweating with Joy; may with his Friends along with him hear. For that was my greatest Wish, deservedly, to know how much a lucky Cast at *Dice*, called a *Sice*,
 50 would gain me; how much the unlucky *Throw* called *Ace* would lose me, that my Adversary might not cheat

* *Persius* declares that his sluggish Youth was not to be pardoned, seeing that he was come to Maturity, to distinguish Virtue from Vice.

36 Translation of Persius,

cheat me by cogging the *Dice* out of the Box, least any one might be more cunning than I at whipping a Top. * You know to find fault with vicious Manners, and the *Stoic* Philosophy which is taught in Porches; wherein the *Medes*, with their Breeches on, are painted a fighting with the *Athenians*; in which the vigilant and shaven young Men study, being fed with Bread made of Barley-Meal, and the things which the *Pythagorean* Letter γ divides, and hath shewn the steep Path of Virtue on the right Hand.

† Do you yet snore? and your Head turning up and down, as if

• I did those Things in my Childhood, (saith his Master or School fellow) certainly they may be pardoned. But you, O Sluggard! are come to Maturity, and have begun a Course of Philosophy, you can pretend no Excuse.

† O greatest of Sluggards! since you are at Maturity, and know all those things, inasmuch that you can neither pretend Childhood nor Ignorance.

60 if your Joints were loose; belches
out the Wine you drank Yester-
day, your Mouth being wide open.
Is it of any Moment, whither you
go to, or what you aim at? What,
do you always live on the Ramble,
taking no Care whither you go,
or live from Hand to Mouth?

† You may see sick Men asking
for Physick in vain, when they are
65 too far gone in the Dropsie. Pre-
vent Vice as it is coming. * And
what made you promise great Fees
to the Physician. O miserable
Men! learn and know the natural
Causes of things, and to what End
we are born, what Course of Life
is given us; how easily Death comes,
and from whence: What Measure
E we

† *Perfius* persuades young Men to prevent
betimes the depraved Dispositions of their
own Minds, lest when they have taken
Root they should not be eradicated.

* Seeing that you are so corrupted with
Vice in your old Age, as you can never be
reformed, not otherwise than if your bodily
Distemper was given over by the Physician.

38 Translation of Persius,

we should have in getting Riches:
 What is lawful to wish for, what
 Profit could Money hath, how
 much it is meet to give to one's
 dear Kinsfolks and Country, what⁷⁰
 an one Providence hath appointed
 you to be; and in what part of
 humane Affairs you are plac'd? †
 Learn those things abovemention-
 ed, and don't envy that many Dishes
 of Meat smell in the rich Man's
 Buttery, the Causes of the rich
Umbri being defended, and Pepper,
 and Gamons of Bacon, the Gifts of
 the *Marsums* that are his Clients,
 and Barrels of Herrings, the first
 being not yet out. * Here some
 of the hairy *Centurions* may say,
 I have Wisdom enough for my
 self, I care not to be such a Scho-⁸⁰
 lar as the *Academic Arcefilas*, or
 the

† *Pennis*, is all Victuals, Meat or Drink;
 put here for the Buttery, *per Met. Adjuncti*.

* *Persius* now prevents the vain Objection
 of a certain Gentleman, who was perfectly
 raw and barbarous, that ridiculed Philoso-
 phers, and held their Precepts in Derision.

the studious *Solons* setting their
Heads awry, || and looking ear-
nestly on the Ground, when they
mutter with themselves, and are
crabbedly Silent, and speak very
de:beratively, thinking of the
Dream of some ancient sick Philo-
sopher, that nothing can be re-
duced out of nothing: Is this the
Reason that you are Pale? Is this
85 the Reason why you study Fasting?
† The People laugh at these things,
and the strong young Men wink,
laugh, winking their Noses. *
Feel my Pulse, something or other
makes my Heart pant, and a noi-
some Breath comes out of the Jaws
of me being Sick. Pray you look
90 on me, ordered to cease from his
E 2 Riot,

|| *Hypallage pro figentes lumina in terra.*

† Thus far the hairy Centurion against
Philosophers, and the Studies of Literature;
To whom *Bersus* replies.

* Thou O hairy Centurion, that canst not
bring under thy Inclinations, but must obey
them; thou art like indeed the sick Man
who calls for the Physician, addressing to
him thus:

40 *Translation of Persius,*

Riot,* after three Days finding himself better, he ask'd for mild *Surrentine* Wine for himself, being about to bath from a great many Houses in a little Tankard.

† Hark, I pray you, good Sir †⁹⁵ you look pale. (*Sick*) I ail nothing. (*Phy.*) Have a Care of that, whatsoever it be, your pale Skin begins to swell. (*Sick*) But you look worse than I: Be not a Tutor to me; I have buried one long since; you remain. (*Phy.*) Do what you will, I'll say no more. ¶ He being

* *Nox tertia*, for the sick Man, who the third Night, when he found that his Fever did not return, repeating his Pleasures on the fourth, becomes destructive of his own Life. *Met. Adjuncti pro Subiecto.*

† The Physician intervening on a sudden, and discovering his Patient so indur'd his Genius, kindly speaks to him, as becomes a Physician to behave himself towards those, which are wretchedly indisposed, saying.

¶ After the Dialogue ended between the Physician and his Patient, *Persius* now elegantly expresseth himself, after what Manner the sick Man dy'd, i. e. Gluttony, Surfeits, Drunkenness, and Baths.

being full with Banquets, and his
 Body being pale, goes to bath his
 Throat, breathing out slowly noi-
 some Belches; but a Fit of the Pal-
 sie comes upon him whilst he is
 drinking, and he lets fall the hot
 Cup of Wine out of his Hand,
 100 his Teeth being bare do gnash;
 then he vomits out of his Mouth
 the fat Meat; and after all comes his
 funeral Trumpet and Torches, and
 at length, he that thought himself
 happy is laid on a high Bier. And
 being anointed with thick Oint-
 110 ments, his Feet are laid towards
 the Gate. But the Romans that
 were lately made Free-men do car-
 ry him: * O Wretch, feel my Veins,
 and lay your Hand on my Heart.
 (Phy.) Here is no Heat here. (Sick)
 Touch the Bottom of my Feet.
 (Phy.) ~~They are not cold, if by~~
 chance you see Money, or if the
 well, ~~allays in~~ E. 3 ~~beau-~~

* These are the Words of a raging young
 Man, who being of a sound Body, but basely
 labouring under a vicious Mind.

42 *Translation of Persius,*
beautiful Girl of your Neighbour's
smile at you pleasantly, * does
your Heart then beat as it should.
If any Heart that is hard to be
digested, be set before you on a
cold Dish; and Bread made of
course Meal, let us try if you can
eat it; you are troubled with Luxu-
ry, which will not digest mean
Fare. You are cold, when Fear;
which makes Men Pale, hath made
your Hairs stand on End. Some-
times you are angry, an Occasion
being given, and your Eyes spar-
kle with Anger. And you say
and do, what mad † Orestes would
swear was not the Part of a wise
Man.

~~(17) They are not cold, if~~
* *Mollis* here is put adverbially for *mollior*.
† *Orestes*, at the Command of *Apollo*, slew
his own Mother *Clytemnestra*, in Revenge of
his Father's Death; and thereupon was tor-
mented with Furies.

The Argument of the Fourth Satyr.

Wherein, he inveighs against Nero, under the Person of Socrates, chiding Alcibiades, who being puff'd up with the bragging of his high Descent, and by the Flatteries of the People, took upon him the Government of the common Wealth; for the ordering of which, (although he counterfeited for a Time) He is instructed with no Policy, neither truly with moral Philosophy.

SUPPOSE that grave Socrates had said these things, * who was poisoned with a Cup of Hemlock:

Do

* *Nor*, That the ten Verses next going before contain an Ironical Oration, vehement and very sharp, as if the Poet should say: O Alcibiades! or, O Nero! Thou that takest upon thee the Government of the Common-Wealth, when thou art a beardless Youth, think

44 Translation of Persius,

Do you govern the People? On what Qualification do you rely? Tell me this, O Son of great *Pericles*. Your Will and Knowledge, forsooth, comes before your Beard; you know the things that should be spoken, and the things that are to be kept Secret. Therefore when there is a Sedition amongst the People, you have a mind to make Silence by beckning with your Hand. What will you speak then? O *Romans*! I think this is not just, that is badly done; that would

think with thy self, that before Maturity thou canst neither have Judgment nor Experience; then what thou shouldst say, or when thou shouldst be silent, thou art wholly ignorant; thou knowest not how to silence the seditious Mob; perhaps thou wilt make an absurd childish Oration; for thou wilt affirm this just, that unjust: But what Justice or Equity is, what Right or Wrong, thou canst neither consider nor examine, according to the Rule of exact Justice. Lastly, Thou art intirely ignorant, either to condemn the Guilty, or to defend the Innocent.

would have been better. But you know to judge exactly in a doubtful Cause, you discern Virtue when 'tis mixt with Vice; or when the Law admits of any Exception, you can also condemn Vice. * But you heretofore, having a fair outside, do give over to brag to the People, which flatter you before Maturity, being more fit to take some † Hellebore; no do || you think it to be the *summum Bonum* to live always deliciously, and to burn one's self in the Sun: Stay a little, this

* *Perfius* farther urges and concludes, that *Alcibiades*, or rather *Nero*, was absurd in his Command, as having only a fair Outside, but within abounding with Vice and Wickedness.

† *Antisthenes* for Hellebore. *Met. adjuncti.*

|| That it may evidently appear, that this sly and ignorant Youth was altogether absurd in his Administration, seeing he was such a Stranger to Virtue, that he was altogether ignorant what might be the chiefest Good.

Socrates therefore thus asks *Alcibiades*, or rather *Perfius Nero*.

46 *Translation of Persius,*

this old Woman would answer no otherwise. Go now, I am the Son of *Dinomache*. Boast, I am beautiful; grant it; since *Baucis*, clad in Rags, knows as much as you, when she shall expose to sale her Herbs to a prodigal Slave. † O how no Body endeavours to search into their own Faults! (I say) no Body; but they behold the Vices of another. * If one should ask; know you the Estate of *Vestidius*? Of what *Vestidius*?

He

† Hitherto *Persius* hath inveigh'd against *Nero*, under the Person of *Alcibiades*: But now by Digression lashes those most satyrically, who were quick-sighted into other Mens Vices, but more blind than Moles to their own.

* *Persius* brings in this Dialogue, that he may the more expressively show that Men are overtaken with wonderful Joy when an Handle is reach'd them of ripping up other Mens Vices, in the mean while their own are forgot and neglected. But that Accuser, which here grates on the Covetousness of another, is again found Fault with by another, which retorts that Reproach upon his own Head for his flagitious Wickedness.

SATYR IV. 47

He being a rich Man, plows as much as *Cures*, and an Hawk can fly over: Do you mean him? (Him I say) being born under an unlucky Planet: Who, as soon as he sets up his Plow in the high Ways, fearing to broach his old Vine, he groaning, says, I wish this may happen well, eating undrest Onions without Salt, and
³⁰ a hasty Pudding made of Oatmeal, his Servants commending him, drink the Thick of Vinegar. * But if you being anointed are Idle, and basking your self in the Sun, there is one near you whom you do not know, who
³⁵ touches you with his Elbow, and sharply inveighs against your Manners. The Depilation of thy modest Part, thy Lungs, a barren Lust to thy pathic Thigh, when thou comb'st thy Peruke oil'd and
 pow.

* *Persius* here being a Retorter, who of Course reproves *Vitellius's* Reproach, and lays far greater Villany to his Charge than ever *Vitellius* was guilty of.

48 *Translation of Persius,*

powder'd all around thy Phyz,
Where dost thou too unjustly
Smooth appear? Scrape on. But
though five lusty Wrestlers would
root up those Seed-Plants, and
though they should, by the oft
tugging of crooked Pincers, weak-
en thy privy Parts; yet this Hair,
growing over thy Breast like Fern,
though at first made soft by Bar-
bers Soap, yet will never yield un-
to the Furrow-making-Plow.

† We reprove others, and offer
our selves to be reprov'd by others.
We live this Way. We know our 43
selves. You have a wounded Con-
science in your self, but your
Riches cover it, as though you
would rather cheat yourself, and
deceive your Conscience, if you
can. If my * Neighbours call me

Ver-

† The Retorter continues his Satyr unto
Vellidius's Reproacher.

* *Persius* interposeth his own Opinion be-
tween the Retorter and the Reproacher; So
it comes to pass, he saies, that he who reviles
another is revill'd by another; who ridicules,
backbites, and hurts another Man, is ridicul'd,
backbitten and satyriz'd.

S A T Y R IV. 49

Vertuous, shall not I believe them?
 O wicked Men! * If you are pale
 when you see Money; if you be so
 lascivious, that whatsoever falls in
 with your Pleasure; if you being
 weary, torment your Creditors
 with too hard *Usury*. You shall
 in vain give your attentive Ears
 to the Flatteries of the People.
 † Refuse to be call'd what you
 really are not, let the Flatterer
 take away his Flattery. Examine
 your self, and know how *Vertu-*
ous you are.

F

The

* The Objection of that base and boasting
 Villain, with *Persius's* Answer to him.

† *Persius* riseth up against those, who con-
 ceal their own Vices, and take Pleasure in
 attributing to themselves those things which
 are none of their own,

50 Translation of Persius,

The Argument of the Fifth Satyr.

Wherein Persius declares his grateful Mind towards his Master Cornutus: Afterwards he sheweth what real Liberty is, and that, according to the Opinion of the Stoicks, a wise Man is only Happy.

THIS is the Custom of all Poets, to require an hundred Organs of Speech, an hundred Mouths, and to wish an hundred Tongues to repeat their Verses, whether they compose a grave Tragedy, or describe the Wound of a *Parthian*, drawing the Javeline out of his Body! * To what End do you wish those things? Or what Bombast Verses do you com-

* *Cornutus* admires that *Persius*, when he would write Satyrs, should wish for so many Advantages to besal him, as Voices, Tongues, &c.

5 compose, that it is meet to speak
them with an hundred Months?
Let those who are about to speak
any Bombast Matter, gather Tri-
fles in *Helicon*. If any one desire
to write a Tragedy about *Progne*
or *Thyestes*, which are often to
be repeated by foolish *Glicon*. *

10 Neither do you make turgid Verses,
whilst you meditate upon them;
nor being hoarse dost meditate,
foolishly prattling some great thing
with your self mutturingly; nor do
you intend to burst your full Cheeks
with puffing. You make Verses
about Peace, being witty to join
them smoothly: You repeat them
modestly, being learned to carp
at vicious Morals, and to reprove
them ingeniously. † Draw your

15 Argument from hence, about the
things which you speak, and leave
off the Subjects about the Banquet
of *Thyestes* at *Mycena*, with the

F 2

Head

* The Words of *Cornutus* to *Perseus*.

† If you would write any thing, *Perseus*
saith *Cornutus*.

52 *Translation of Persius,*

Head and Feet of his Son,
and you shall write upon mean²⁰
Subjects. * Indeed I do not en-
deavour this, that my Book may
be turg'd with insignificant Tri-
fles, being fit to make a great Stir
about a little Matter. We speak
in Secret; now, O pleasant Friend
Cornutus, I afford you my Heart,
to be examin'd by you; my Muse
exhorting you, it delighteth me
to show how dearly I love you.
|| Try my Mind, being wary to²⁵
distinguish what is real Truth,
and what is Flattery. Here I
dare request an hundred Voices,
that I may purely declare how
much I love you, in the utmost
Recess of my Heart, and that
Words may declare all this, not
to be uttered, which lies hid in
my

* Our Poet *Persius* makes Answer to *Cornutus's* Objection.

|| An Allegory taken from the Buyers of
Earthen Ware, who explore it by Ringing,
whether it be full of Chinks, or solid and
sound.

my Heart ; * as soon as my Purple
Gown, being my Defender from
harm, departed from me, being
3^o afraid of my Master, and my
childish Ornaments being devoted,
hung up to the *Lares*, cloathed in
Dog-skins ; when I had flattering
Companions, and my white Coat
gave me leave to cast my Eyes
freely about all the Street *Suburra* ;
and when the Way is doubtful,
and a Mistake which makes me
not know how to live, brought
35 my Mind, at first timorous, to the
many Ways of Vice. I gave my
self to be instructed by you, O *Cornutus* ! † You instructed my young
Years in moral Philosophy, then
your written Rule being set before
me, taught me that vicious Cu-
stoms do deceive Men, and my
Mind is overcome by your Argu-
ments,

F 3

* *Persius* enumerates the Reasons why he
so much loves his own Master *Cornutus*.

† But especially he owns his Obligation to
him, for his careful Instruction, and accurate
Lessons of Virtue.

54 *Translation of Persius,*

ments, and Endeavours to yield, ⁴⁰
and takes a new Shape by your Instructions.

† For I remember that I have spent long * Days with you, and have spent the first Parts of the Nights in Suppers. We both rested together and wrought together; and we intermix'd serious Matters with modest Discourses.

|| Indeed you need not doubt this, that we were both born under one Constellation, and under ⁴⁵ the same Star; either the *Destinies* that tell the Truth have ordained that we should be born under the Sign *Libra*; or the Hour which faithful Freinds are born in, hath divided our agreeing *Destinies* into *Gemini*;

† *Persius* commemorates the other Benefits of his Master *Cornutus* towards him.

* *Soles pro Diebus, per Met. Efficientis pro Effecto.*

|| *Persius* affirms, that such a mutual Union of Minds could not be between them, but from the Influence and Disposition of the Stars.

30 *Gemini*; and we mitigate the Gravity of the Sign *Saturn*, with our pleasant Sign *Jupiter*. I know not truly what makes me love you so well.

† There are a thousand sorts of Men and diverse Employments, every one hath his Wish: Nor do all Men wish for one thing. This Man changes rough Pepper and
55 pale Cummin for *Italian Wars* in the *East*; another having his Belly full of Meat, had rather grow fat with sleeping; another loves the Exercise in the *Campus Martius*; another loses his Estate at *Dice*; and

† *Persius*, that he might the better illustrate the amiable and lovely Friendship of his Master *Cornutus*, teacheth how that there are various Employments of Men in the World; whence indeed he fitly descends to the Matter of Satyr; because that other Men are taken up with other Employments, but none of them propose the End of good Living with *Cornutus*, who gives his Mind entirely to the Study of Philosophy, and carefully instructs Youth in the Precepts and Lessons of it.

56 *Translation of Persius,*
and another is prone to Lust. *
But when the knotty Gout shall
weaken their Joints, like Boughs of
an old *Beech-Tree*, then too late⁶⁰
they have repented that they have
spent their Time in Ignorance,
and their Days in Lust, and that
the Life of Virtue is left.

|| But it delights you, O *Cornutus*,
to grow pale by studying
in the Night; for you being an
Instructor of young Men, teach
them, being attentive, the *Stoic*
Philosophy; and from this Philo-
sophy, both you young Men and
Old, derive determin'd Resolutions
to your Minds, and things neces-⁶⁵
sary to hold out your old Age.

This

* But those (saith *Persius*) who so cor-
ruptly pass away their Lives in Pleasure, at
last repent in good Earnest, but too late.

|| But your Employments and Studies, O
Cornutus! are far estranged from the common
Conceptions and vulgar Practices of Man-
kind.

† This shall be done to Morrow, and the same shall be done to Morrow. What say you? Do you grant me to Morrow as a great thing? But when the other Day cometh, now we have spent the Morrow which you promis'd yesterday, behold another Morrow drives on your Years, and you will always be behind.

* For when you run like as the hinder Wheel in the Chariot, and under the second *Axle-tree*, 70 you shall follow, and to no purpose, the former Wheel turning it self, although near you, and under the same *Team*.

|| There is need of Liberty, and
of

† The Words of some slothful young Man, which puts off the timely Commencement of a good Life.

* *Perfius*, by the Similitude of a Chariot, elegantly shows that Time once lost can never be recalled by the Procrastinator.

|| Our Poet having done with the Commendations of his Master, makes a Digression to define Liberty, which is highly necessary to a good Life, squared by the Rules of Virtue, and whose Basis seems to be Liberty.

58 *Translation of Persius,*

of that Liberty which every one that hath the Sir-name of *Publius* of the *Vetule* Tribe hath deserved: He possesseth course Meal by his Ticket. Alas! You that know nothing of the Truth which one turn about makes a *Free Roman*. This is *Dama* a Mule-driver; not worth three Farthings, a foolish Fellow, and Blear-ey'd, and will lie for a little course Provender, if the Master turn him about; in that Moment of turning about he becomes *Marcus Dama*.⁷⁵

† O strange! Do you refuse to lend Money, *Marcus* being Security? Are you pale; *Marcus* being Judge? *Marcus* said so; it's so,⁸⁰

† *Dama*, a servile Slave, that takes upon him the *Prænomēn* of his Master, as if he had been made free by him.

Hence followeth an Ironical Admiration, because *Marcus*, lately made free, on a sudden takes upon him the Authority of his Master, viz. That he may be able to promise, and pass his Word for another; then that he may be Judge and Witness, and sign Wills; all which Privileges are denied Servants.

So, O *Marcus*, sign the Will. This
is free Liberty, the Free-Man's
Cap gives us this.

* Is there any that is free, but
he that may live as he will?
85 I may live as I will, am not I
freer than *Brutus*? This *Stoic* be-
ing skill'd in sharp Learning, says,
I deny your *minor* Proposition; I
admit of your *Major*. Take away,
I may live as I will. *Dama* endea-
vours to prove the *Minor*; saying,
After I departed, my own Master,
by his Stick of Liberty; why may
not *I live as I will*? Or have a
90 Mind, that being excepted, if the
Law forbid any thing.

|| Learn, but be not angry,
when I eradicate old Wives Stories
out

* To refel the Poet's Irony, One made
free in his, from the Definition of Liberty,
objects, and saith, That he is Free, saying,

|| O foolish *Dama*, saith *Perfius*, since you
understand nothing of true Liberty, which,
through your Freedom, you think that you
have gain'd.

60 Translation of Persius,

out of your Heart. † It was not the Part of a *Prator* to give the subtile Duties of things, and Wisdom, which is true Liberty, to Fools: And to give the Use of Life, which runs fast. You shall sooner teach a Soldier's Boy to play on the *Dulcimer*. Reason contradicts, and whispers secretly in his Ear, that one should not do that which any one shall spoil in doing. The publick Law of Men and Nature comprehends this Right. That Ignorance, which makes Men unfit, may keep them from doing unlawful Actions. Do you mix *Physick*, not knowing what Quantity of every Ingredient to put in; the Nature of *Physick* forbids this? If the Plow-man having his Buskins on, not knowing any thing of the Stars, require to be Master of a Ship,

† That the foolish *Prator* (saith *Persius*) should be able to confer Wisdom on Fools, is contrary to common Sense.

Ship, * *Melicerta* would shout
out that Shame was gone from
things.

|| Hath your *Stoic* Philosophy
taught you to live uprightly?

¹⁰⁵ Do you know to discern the Show
of Vertue, least there be any Vice
under it? And have you mark'd
the Things which are to be follow-
ed, and again the things which
are to be avoided? Those first,
with a white Mark, afterwards
those with a Black. Are you mo-
derate in your Wishes, content
with a mean Family, and pleasant
to your Friends? Now you are all
¹¹⁰ covetous, now again you are liberal,
and can you pass for Money hid
in the Dirt? No, you are too cove-
tous, † when you shall say, These

G are

* He was the Son of *Athamas*, by the
Daughter of *Cadmus*, Watchman on the Seas,
who observes all unskilful Navigators.

|| *Perfius* now declares who is truly Free,
and by what Tokens they may be distin-
guished.

† *Gluto*, a *glutiendo*, here put for one co-
vetous of Riches.

Is an Allegory, drawn from Gluttons.

62 Translation of Persius,

are mine, I possess them, be free
and wise, the *Prators* and *Jupiter* ¹¹⁵
favouring you.

* But then when you a little
before were of our Condition,
you kept your old wont, and ha-
ving a fair outside, cunningly dis-
sembled Vice; I take again the
things which I gave you before,
and bring again your Bondage.

|| Your Wisdom hath granted
you nothing; put out your Finger, ¹²⁰
you offend, and what is so little?
But you shall of the Gods buy no
Sacrifice, that the least Wisdom
may be in Fools. It is unlawful
to mix these things, nor can you,
when you are a Ditcher, imitate the
Dancer *Bathylus* only in three Steps.
I am

* But if (saith *Persius*) after true Philo-
sophy acquir'd, you retain your old Tricks
and Deceit, forsake it; then shall I take from
you the Liberty of Mind and Body, which
I had granted.

|| Seeing, O *Dama*, that you are vicious,
as well as a Servant, for you give way to
your Lusts, and become obedient to them.
Certainly—

115 I am † free. O you * that are
subject to so many things, whence
do you take this as granted? Do
you know no other Master but
him, from whom the *Prator's* Rod
125 makes you free?

120 || If the Master chide you, say-
ing, Boy, Go and carry Cloths to
the Baths of *Crispinus*; you Loiter-
er, do you stay? Severe Bondage
doth not at all trouble you; †
Now doth the Voice of your Ma-
ster exercise your Strength? But
130 if your Master be bred within you,

G 2

in

† Are the Words of *Dama* made free.

* *Persius's* Answer.

|| Our Poet teacheth that there is a Ser-
vitude of the Mind, much more grievous
than that of the Body, which he sheweth by
sundry Examples: Therefore *Dama* made
Free, since he is obnoxious to Vice, is still
under Hardship.

† These Verses are a Dialogism, or Reason-
ing between *Dama* and Avarice, whereby
our Poet teacheth, that the Servant *Dama*,
made free by the *Prator*, was still most
miserable, as being a Servant to Sloth, Ava-
rice, Lust, and other Affections of the Mind.

64 *Translation of Persius,*

in your vicious Heart; how are
you less punish'd than he, whom
the Whip and the Fear of the
Master compels to carry the Cloths?
Covetousness says, O you Sluggard,
do you sleep in the Morning? A-
rise, you deny, she urges you on,
and saith, arise, I cannot, I say,
arise, and what shall I do? Do
you ask? Carry Shell-fish to the ¹³⁵
Sea. Beaver-Stone, Flax, Ebony-
Wood, Frankinsence, Wine which
comes from Coos, which makes
Men loose in their Belly. Do you
first take fresh Pepper from the
* Camel, which can endure Thirst.
Change the Wares, swear they are
good, but *Jupiter* will hear me.
O Fool, if you intend to live as
Jupiter would have you, you being
content, must want Salt.

Now

* The Camel, *Pliny* saith, endures Thirst
four Days; because he does not love to drink
unless the Water be first muddied by Con-
culation.

S A T Y R V. 65

140 || Now you being ready, doth
prepare a Wine-Bottle for your
Servants, you hasten quickly to the
Ship, nothing hinders you, but you
may sail over the *Aegean* Sea in
a great Ship. Lest cunning Lux-
ury admonish you, being led aside
before. O Mad-man, whither are
you going? I say, whither? What
would you have? A strong †
145 Passion hath swell'd under your
inflam'd Breast, which a Cup of
Hellebore cannot purge away. *
Do you sail over the Sea? Can
you, sitting on a Cable, sup on
the Rowar's Seat? And can a
great leathern Bottle pour out
red Claret, coming from *Veja*, in-
fecting with a stinking Smatch
of the Ship, that the Money which
you here have encreased moderate-

G 3 ly

|| O *Dama*, thou unhappy Servant, when
Avarice awakes thee out of thy Bed.

† The Breast is inflam'd, because Anger is
the Ebullition of the Blood about the Heart.

* The Words of *Luxury* to his own Ser-
vant *Dama*.

66 *Translation of Persius,*

ly by Five in the Pound, Eleven
for Twelve, almost so much as
the Principal, may gain you Ele-
ven in the Pound, and make much
of your self, let us live pleasantly;
it is by me that you live; you
shall be Ashes, a Ghost, and
a Talk. Live mindful of your¹⁵⁵
Death, the Time runs on, this,
in which you speak, is a Part of
your Life; behold, what are
you doing?

† You are carried into diffe-
rent Ways by two Roads meet-
ing, (*i. e.* Covetousness and Luxu-
ry) as you follow this or that,
you must obey them turn by turn,
neither when you have once re-
sisted, and have deny'd to obey
their Commands, tho' urgent.
You may say, now I have got out
of Captivity, for even the strug-
gling Bitch breaks the Chain. Yet
when she runs away, she draws a
great

† *Persius* now enquires of *Dama*, who
boasted that he was a Free-man.

great Part of the Chain on her Neck.

160 † *Charestratus* seriously meditating, says these Words, O * *Davus*, I think quickly to end my past Sorrows, believe I command this, should I, being a Disgrace, resist my sober Friends? Should I spend my Estate before the Door of Whores with an ill Character, whilst I being drunk, do sing before the Door of *Chrysis*, with my Lamp put out; || O young Master! be wise, sacrificing a Lamb to the Gods, driving away Madness.

† But hearest thou, *Davus*, do
not

† *Charestratus*, a comical Person, in Love with *Chrysis*, a proud Strumpet.

* *Perfius*, by the Example of *Charestratus*, teacheth that Lust and other covetous Desires are not easily shaken off, when they have once got us in Bondage. Then followeth a Dialogism between *Charestratus* and his own Servant *Davus*.

|| *Davus* answers, commending his own Master *Charestratus*.

† *Charestratus* replies.

68 *Translation of Persius,*

not you think that she being forsaken by me will weep? You babble, O my young Master! you'll be clouted with her red Slippers, that you'll not dare to quake, nor break out of the Snares wherein you are intangled.

O *Chærestratus*, you now are stout and couragious to forsake a Whore. 171
But if she call you, you'll presently say, What, I pray, then shall I do? Shall I not go to her now when she sends for me; and instructs me of her own Accord? If you come spotted out of the Baudy-House, neither at this time may you go. This, this, whom I am speaking to, 175
is he which is the Free-Man, not he who is made Free-Man by the *Prator's* Rod, which his foolish Servant so much boasts? Is he * his own Master, whom Ambition in seeking an Office doth draw, being

* *Persius* goes on in the Description of real Liberty, which doth not fall upon the *Ambitious*.

being desirous of Honour : Ambition saith, watch, and give a large Bribe to the Mob ; struggling and scrambling about it. That old Men, who love it in the Sun, may tell of their Feasts dedicated to the Goddess *Flora*. What can be more genteel?

180 ¶ But when *Herod's* Day of Aggravation comes, and Candles being set in Windows, spoil'd with Grease, the Tunny-Fish that fills a whole Dish swims, a large Pot being full with Wine, you say mutteringly that you fast on the Jew's Sabbath.

The

¶ Our Poet proves that *Dama*, manumitted by the *Prætor*, was not Free; since Superstition, like an imperious Mistress, had the Dominion over him.

Herod, the Son of *Antipater* the Idumean, in the Tenth Year of *Augustus*, was Proclaimed King of the Jews at Rome; and Reigned 34 Years.

There was another *Herod Antipas*, his Son, who slew *John the Baptist*, and gave up our Lord Christ to *Pilate*.

A third was called *Agrippa*, the Son of *Aristobolus*, who slew the Apostle *James*.

70 *Translation of Persius,*

† The black Hobgoblins, and ¹⁸⁴
the Danger that a broken Egg
doth bring, and also the grossly fat
* Priestess *Cybele*, and the Blear-
Ey'd Priestess of *Isis*, would have
me believe, that the Gods have
afflicted their Bodies, if he do not
eat every Morning an Head of ||
Garlick, which is prescrib'd him.
If you should tell those things
amongst the swollen Centurions,
for which the great Centurion ¹⁹⁰
Vulfemius would hotch and laugh,
and he would scarce value an hun-
dred *Greek* Philosophers at an hun-
dred Farthings.

The

† *Persius* shews other Superstitions of the
Romans; with which they being holden,
could never be Free.

* *Cybele's* Priestesses were gelded, and for
that Reason fat.

|| An Head of Garlick was eaten by those
that fasted, because they believ'd it good a-
gainst Inchantments.

The Argument of the Sixth Satyr.

Wherein our Poet inveighs against covetous Men, who live poorly and niggardly to themselves, that they may leave to their Heirs, that they may spend wickedly. He taketh the Exordium from the State of Bassus, to whom he writes, asking where he was, how he did, what Employments he followed, how he liv'd content with his own. By and by, our Poet declares his own Course of Life, and upright Mind. Lastly, he inveighs against those which have not the same Mind, and Instruction of Life.

¶ Our *Persius* writes this Satyr to his familiar Friend *Cassius Bassus*, an excellent Lyrick Poet, and asks him whether he winter'd at his *Sabine* Countrey Seat, and there delighted himself with a Song, whilst that he took up his Winter Quarters in the *Moon's* Port.

72 Translation of Persius,

O Friend *Bassus*, doth the cold Winter now constrain you to sit by the Fire in a Sabine Countrey-House? Do you now write grave *Lyric* Verses, long to be had in Esteem? O excellent Satyrlist, to signify Vice, the original of ancient Words, and many *Lyric Latin* Verses, and to write of Love to young Men; and comely to write the Exploits of ancient Men: I am in the Warmth of *Liguria*, and the *Lygustic* Sea, where I live is Stormy, where the Rocks oppose them to the Seas, and the Shoars have their Retirement in a large Plain. O Roman Citizens, it's worth one's while to know the Ports of *Luna*, wise † *Ennius* commanded this, after he left dreaming that he was
Homer,

† *Hellenism* for *desertuit se esse Macedonidem*.

But why *Quintus*? Either he refers to the *Prænomēn* of *Ennius*, that it may bear this Sense, i. e. after that he became *Quintus Ennius*, according to the Opinion of *Pythagoras*;

10 *Homer*, being become *Quintus*
again, from which he was before,
according to *Pythagoras's* Trans-
migration. Here I live secure
in *Lygustria*, not caring what
the Vulgar says of me; nor what
Evil the sickly *South Wind* may
bring to the Cattle; not envying
that my Neighbour's Field is
more fertile than mine; and if all
being meanlier descended than I
do grow Rich, I will always re-
fuse looking down to pine away
with Anguish because of this, or
to fare meanly, or to look near
15 the Mark in the Flagon, that hath
nothing in it but dead Wine. Ano-
ther may have his Liberty to dif-
fer from these Dispositions, there
is one who being frugal may dip
his dry Herbs in Pickles, that he
Hath

goras; or he respects the Order of that
Transmigration abovementioned. 1. *Euphor-*
bute. 2. *Pythagoras*. 3. *Paro*. 4. *Emius*. To
all these, and indeed by this Order, one and
the same Soul is common, according to the
Dream of *Emius*.

74 *Translation of Persius,*

hath bought a little Cup on his
 Birth Day only, he himself strink-
 ling Pepper as some sacred thing
 upon his Dish. At other times,
 being a prodigal young Man, spends
 in Luxury a great Estate, I will²²
 use, I say I will use my Goods,
 not therefore being a Prodigal to
 set on Turbots before my Servants,
 nor cunning to distinguish the
 Taste of *Tbrushes*, which is hard
 to distinguish. Live according to
 your Ability, and empty your Gra-
 naries by grinding Corn. You may²⁵
 do it, what do you fear? Lo ano-
 ther Harvest is coming on; Till
 your Ground: But my Duty which
 I owe to my Friends, for relieving
 of them, invites me to be liberal.
 A Friend of mine being beggar'd,
 crambles up the Rocks in the *Bru-*
tian Sea, having suffered Shipwreck,
 and hath lost all his Riches, and
 his Prayers unheard in the *Ionian*
 Sea, he himself lieth on the Shoar,
 and together with him the Images
 of the tutelar Gods of the Ship, taken
 out of the Stern, and now the Plank³⁰

is

is fallen in Pieces, expos'd unto
the *Cormorants*; now sell your Land
to relieve him, be bountiful to
him, Poor-Man! least that having
the Manner of his Ship-wreck
painted on a Plank of the broken
Vessel, he should go from House
to House; † (*Sub. dicis*) you say,
but your Heir being angry, will
not make a funeral Supper, be-
cause you lessen his Estate. He
will bury your Bones without any
Ointment, not caring whether
the Oil of Cinnamon have lost
its Smell, or the the Oil of *Cassia*
be mixt with the Oil of Cherries
36 (*Sub. dicet*) He will say, Do you,
being in Health, spend your
Estate?

* But *Heredipeta Bestius* blames
the *Gracian* Philosophers, such are
H 2 their

† Another Argument of the covetous Man,
or an Objection to save his Patrimony.

* The third Argument to palliate his Par-
simony, is taken from the Testimony of *Be-
stius*, a brutish and extreame covetous Wretch.
Diceret utendos correptus Bestius idem. Hor
Ep. 15. lib. 1.

76 *Translation of Persius,*
their Fashions, or so comes this
riotous way of Living after the
Philosophy which we use in *Valla*,
being ignorant of Navigation came
into *Rome* from these Countries,
viz. Asia, whence they bring Pep-
per and Dates, and Countreymen
having spoil'd the natural Taste of
Pulse with much Oil.

|| Do you take care for these
things, which must be done after
your Death? But you, whosoever
you are that must be my Heir,
hear me a little, being drawn
aside from the People. O good
Fellow! Do not you know? A
Letter dight with * Laurel, sent
from *Cesar*, from the famous
Slaughter of the *Germans*, and the
Altars

|| These are the Words of *Persius*, repro-
ving the covetous Man, who is afraid that
his Heir should not do these Things after
his Decease, which are usually performed to
others departed this Life.

* The Emperours, after they had got a
Victory, were wont to send Letters to *Rome*
crowned with Laurel.

S A T Y R VI. 77

Altars are clean swept for the Sa-
crifice, and the Emperor now fits
Arms to be hung upon the Gates
45 of the Temples, and now the
Cloaks of Captive Princes, now
the Clay-Colour'd-Cloaths for Ca-
pive Men, now Chariots and
big Body'd *Germans*, now there-
fore I resolve to bring upon the
Stage an hundred Couple of Fencers
in Honour of the Gods, and in
the Honour of the *Tutelar* Gods
of the Emperor, for his famous
Exploits.

49 † Who forbids me? Wo be
to thee, if thou dost not bear
with me, I bestow Oil and Feasts
on the People, what do you for-
bid me? Speak out: You say my
Land which is near the City is
not well till'd, go to, I have no
Aunt left alive, if I have no
Cousin, if I have no great Nephew,
if my Aunt by my Mother's Side

H 3.

hath

† Our Poet in these Words addresses him-
self to the covetous Man's Heir.

78. *Translation of Persius,*

hath had no Child, if my Grand-mother hath left no Progeny; I go to the Village * *Bovilla*; or the Hill *Virbins*; where obscure poor *Mannius* is ready to be my Heir. Do you make the Dung-hill-born-Man 56 my Heir? Demand of me who was my great Grand-father? I cannot tell you readily, yet I'll tell you, add likewise another, and yet another, he is now meanly born, and this *Mannius* is near a-kin to me, by this reckoning of Pedigree.

† Why do you, who art elder 60 than I am, seek for my Estate || whilst

* These were remarkable Places four Miles distant from *Rome*, where Beggars used to ask Alms.

† *Persius* gently touches upon those, who are elder and far superiour in Age; yet do they hope for an Inheritance from him that is younger than them; and, to their great Disgrace, hope, as we say, for dead Mens Shoes.

|| *Persius*, in the Person of any rich Man, thus speaks to the Heir, in Expectation of his Patrimony.

SATYR VI.

99

whilst I am alive: I am like
the God of Gain to you, I come
hither like that God, as he is *
painted.

What do you refuse what I leave
you? Will you not be well-pleas'd
with those things I leave you?
Something is wanting to the Sum;
I lessen'd it to my self, but it's en-
tire to you, whatsoever it be. Do
not ask me where that Sum is,
which *Tadius* left me as a Legacy
formerly, nor chide me as a Fa-
ther doth his Son.

|| Let the Usury be added af-
terwards, spend of thy Use-Mo-
ney which is there left. † Do
you ask what is left? * Left! Now,
O Boy! Now I say pour in Oil
upon my Herbs; pour on plenti-
fully,

* With a Purse of Money in his Hand.

|| The Words of *Mamius*, taking it ill
that the Inheritance is lessened.

† *Persius* says.

* One murmuring Interrogation more of
his covetous Heir, and *Persius's* Reply full of
Indignation.

80 *Translation of Persius,*

fully, must I feed on Nettle-Broth ?
And must I feed on a Hog's Cheek
boiled, having been hung up by
the Ear, and dry'd too, and that
on a Festival Day ? That that
Nephew of yours may hereafter
be filled with Goose Gibblets, when
your ambitious Cousin sighs after
the Castle of Comfort, longing to
embrace the *Patrician* Dame. And
must I pine my self to the Bone ?
But his Belly, like that of a Church-
Butcher, must shake with Fat.

* Sell your Soul for Gain, play
the Merchant, and being cunning
to get Gain, go into every Part
of the World, lest there be any
other more skilful to keep *Capa-*
docian Slaves in a rigid Stall.
Double your Estate, make it three
times as much, I have now made it
four times as much, I have now
made

* A Satyrical Irony in the Person of some
third Speaker.

made it ten times as much. †
 Appoint where I should give over,
 O *Chrysippus*! who art feign'd the
 Concluder of the Syllogism called
Sorites.

† *Chrysippus*, the Scholar of *Cleanthes*, so
 famous in Disputation, that very many have
 thought, if there was any Logick with the
 Gods, it would be no other than that of
Chrysippus's.

F I N I S.



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